

DANA

A MAGAZINE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT

No. 1

MAY

1904

CONTENTS

Introductory	The Editors.
The Sower	Prof. Dowden
Moods and Memories, I.-II. ..	George Moore
The Breaking of the Ice ..	John Eglinton
The Abbé Loisy	Ed. Dujardin
Imperialism, I. Ossorian
Political and Intellectual Freedom	Fred Ryan
Literary Notices, &c.

PUBLISHERS:

HODGES, FIGGIS & CO., Ltd. Grafton Street, Dublin

DAVID NUTT, 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.

SIXPENCE NET.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, LONG ACRE.

JUST OUT.

ROBERT EMMET: A Survey of his Rebellion and of his Romance. By Louise Imogen Guiney, Author of "Patrins," &c. With Portrait of Robert Emmet. Square demy 8vo, sewed, 1/6; or cloth, top gilt, 2/6

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"A charming monograph."

LIMERICK CHRONICLE.—"Charmingly written—perfectly free from bias. . . cordially commended to the notice of lovers of the Irish patriot."

AMONG MR. NUTT'S IRISH PUBLICATIONS MAY BE NOTED:

The Ruin of Education in Ireland and the Irish Fanar. By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A. Evidence laid before the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland, and Comments thereon. Third Edition. Demy 8vo, xxx-202 pp. Cloth. Net 5/.

*. In view of the forthcoming legislation based upon the Report of the Royal Commission, Mr. O'Donnell's trenchant and masterly survey of University Education in Ireland should be studied by all interested.

Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folk Lore. 16mo. Stiff Wrapper. Each net 6d (post free 7d).

No. 3. Ossian and the Ossianic Literature. By Alfred Nutt.

No. 8. Cuchulainn, the Irish Achilles. By the same.

A List of the Popular Studies Series sent on application.

Macalister (R. A. S.) Studies in Irish Epigraphy. A Collection of Revised Readings of Ancient Inscriptions of Ireland. With Introduction and Notes.

Part I: The Ogham Inscriptions of the Barony of Corkaguiney, &c. Demy 8vo. 96 pp. Cloth. Net 3/6.

Part II: The Ogham Inscriptions of the Counties of Kerry (not included in Part I.), &c. With an Appendix on the Ogham Tablets of Bierre, Saxony. Demy 8vo. 188 pp. Numerous Illustrations. Cloth. Net 10/6.

The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature, being a collection of stories relating to the Hero Cuchullin, translated from the Irish by vari-

ous scholars; compiled and edited with Introduction and Notes, by Eleanor Hull. 1898. lxxx., 316 pp. 7/6.

Vol. I. The Adventures of the Lad of the Ferule. The Adventures of the Children of the King of Norway. Two Irish Romantic Tales of the 16th and 17th Centuries, edited and translated for the first time by Douglas Hyde, LL.D., with introduction, Notes and Glossary. 1899. xvi., 176 pp. 6/.

Vol. II. Fled Bricrend: The Feast of Bricriu. An early Gaelic Saga, edited, with Translation, Introduction and Notes, by George Henderson, M.A., Ph.D. 1899. lxxvii., 209 pp. 6/.

Vol. IV. History of Ireland. By Geoffrey Keating. Edited by David Comyn, V. L. I. Net 10/6.

Irish Saga Library (The). Translations of Early Irish Heroic and Mythic Romances, with Introductions and Notes. **Vol. I. The Courtship of Ferb.** Translated by A. H. Leahy, M.A. Cloth. 2/.

Irish Texts Society. Inedited Irish Texts with accompanying English version, Notes and Introduction. Demy 8vo. Cloth. *Net prices.*

Hyde (Douglas). **Beside the Fire.** Gaelic Folk-Stories. Collected, edited (Irish Text facing English) and translated, by D. H. With Introduction, Notes on the Irish text, and Notes on the tales, by the Editor and Alfred Nutt. Crown 8vo. lviii., 204 pp. 1891. Cloth, 7/6.

CATALOGUES SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Painting. - Metch.

DANA

A MAGAZINE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT

INTRODUCTORY

OF the various forms which patriotic ambition takes in the minds of Irishmen at the present time, perhaps the most generally favoured, and the least impracticable, is a zeal for the promotion of a national literature. To whom does it not seem a worthy dream, and to whom can it appear entirely chimerical, that humanity in this island should have a voice, should commune with itself and with nature, and this by simply using the human elements which may be presumed to be not less abundant and potential here than elsewhere? Man and nature—what more do we want? The difficulty is to begin : and to make a beginning is especially difficult in a country like Ireland, where our bards and prophets have never learned to deal directly and as men with the elements of human nature, and to dispense with traditional methods and traditional themes. We are in the position of a marooned civilian who has struck his last lucifer match in a desolate isle, and who, with the intention of broiling the fish which he has snared, or the beast which he has slain, is making his first pathetic efforts with flints or with dry sticks.

* * *

Since the days of the worthy Thomas Davis, who made a great, a noble, and an epoch-making effort to turn the national spirit in the direction of literature, Irish literary enterprise has concerned itself mainly with the aim of securing the nationality of Irish literature by the choice of Irish subjects, the revival of the Irish language, and so forth. The indefeasible right of humanity in this island to

No. 1.— May, 1904,

0201
D171
834392

think and feel for itself on all matters has not so far been the inspiring dream of our writers. The endeavour to achieve through the sincere confessions of poets and the strenuous operation of thought the elemental freedom of the human mind, which is really the essential of all independent and therefore national literature, has hardly made its appearance in the Irish literary movement. The neglect of this essential was the fatal defect in the campaign of Davis and his colleagues against the provincial spirit in this country. They carefully skirted and stepped aside from the fundamental questions of life and thought which lay in their way, and they set the fashion—which has lasted to this day and is the cause of a certain hollowness in the pretensions of Irish literature—of trying to promote an artificial and sentimental unity in Irish life by carefully ignoring all those matters as to which Irishmen as thinking and unthinking beings hold diverse opinions. “Oh,” it is still said, if anyone shows a disposition to broach such questions, “the time has not yet come for that!” Now, we differ from the general opinion in thinking that fundamental questions are those which first of all require to be seen to, and it is mainly to provide some outlet for honest opinion on all such matters that this little magazine comes into being.

* * *

Davis and his colleagues, when they wrote, found themselves instinctively addressing, not the Catholic peasantry who formed the staple of the Irish nation, but the fringe of thinking men and women in Ireland, whose interests were those of thinking men and women elsewhere, and whom Davis and his band sought to draw into sympathy with the cause of Irish nationality. This is apparent in the argumentative style of all that they wrote. And in truth it is not worth while seeking to address any other audience. Yet it must be owned that with regard to this public which they really addressed, and chiefly because they waived essential questions, their arguments were wasted. Davis

and his band became the heroes, not of that public which they sought to convince, but of a public which never needed to be convinced by their arguments—that warm-hearted, loyal-minded and ever expectant Irish public, whose literary needs are ministered unto by the nationalist press, but who at any hint of the broaching of fundamental questions of life and thought are strangely scared and silent.

* * *

Let us not be suspected of any disposition to be truculent or nasty in the cause of what is called Free Thought. In truth, the more distinctively religious press in this country does not present a standard impossible to emulate in the furtherance of the gospel of peace and good-will to men. We would simply assume that people are sincere when they advocate tolerance, understanding by tolerance not a conspiracy of silence in regard to fundamental and essential matters, but a willingness to allow the freest expression of thought in regard to these. We would have our magazine, however, not merely a doctrinaire but a literary, or rather a humanist, magazine; and we would receive and print contributions in prose and in verse which are the expression of the writer's individuality with greater satisfaction than those which are merely the belligerent expression of opinion. Each writer is of course responsible for the opinions contained in his own contribution, and the editors, beyond the responsibility of selection, are by no means bound by the views of any contributor. We invite the thinkers, dreamers and observers dispersed throughout Ireland and elsewhere, who do not despair of humanity in Ireland, to communicate through our pages their thoughts, reveries and observations; and we venture to hope that a magazine, starting with such general designs, should profit

by whatever is genuine in the new life and movement which of late years have manifested themselves in the country.

THE EDITORS.

THE SOWER.

(*A Picture by J. F. Millet.*)

Son of the earth, brave flinger of the seed,
Strider of furrows, copesmate of the morn,
Which, stirr'd with quickenings of a day unborn,
Approves the mystery of thy fruitful deed,
Thou, young in hope and old as man's first need,
Through all the hours that laugh, the hours that mourn,
Hold'st to one strenuous faith by time unworn,
Sure of one miracle—that the clod will breed.
Dark is this upland, pallid still the sky ;
And Man, rude bondslave of the glebe, goes forth
To labour ; serf, yet genius of the soil :
Great his abettors—a confederacy
Of mightiest powers, old Laws of heaven and earth,
Foresight and Faith and ever-during Toil.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

MOODS AND MEMORIES.

I.

As I sit at my window on Sunday morning, lazily watching the sparrows—restless black dots that haunt the old tree at the corner of King's Bench Walk—I begin to distinguish a faint green haze in the branches of the old lime. Yes, there it is green in the branches; and I'm moved by an impulse—the impulse of spring is in my feet; indiarubber seems to have come into the soles of my feet, and I would see London. It is delightful to walk across Temple Gardens, to stop—pigeons are sweeping down from the roofs! to call a hansom, and to notice, as one passes, the sapling behind St. Clement's Danes. The quality of the green is exquisite on the smoke-black wall. London can be seen better on Sundays than on week-days; lying back in a hansom, one is alone with London. London is beautiful in that narrow street, celebrated for licentious literature. The blue and white sky shows above a seventeenth century gable, and a few moments after we are in Drury Lane. The fine weather has enticed the population out of grim courts and alleys; skipping ropes are whirling everywhere. The children hardly escape being run over. Coster girls sit wrapped in shawls contentedly like rabbits at the edge of a burrow; the men smoke their pipes in sullen groups, their eyes on the closed doors of the public house. At the corner of the great theatre a vendor of cheap ices is rapidly absorbing the few spare pennies of the neighbourhood. The hansom turns out of the lane into the great thoroughfare, a bright glow like the sunset fills the roadway, and upon it a triangular block of masonry and St. Giles' church rise, the spire aloft in the faint blue and delicate air. Spires are so beautiful that we would fain believe that they will outlast creeds; religion or no religion we must have spires, and in town and country—spires showing between trees and rising out of the city purlieus.

The spring tide is rising; the almond trees are in bloom, that one growing in an area spreads its Japanese decoration fan-like upon the wall. The hedges in the time-worn streets of Fitzroy Square light up—how the green runs

[Copyright in America.]

along ! The spring is more winsome here than in the country. One must be in London to see the spring. I can see the spring from afar dancing in St. John's Wood, haze and sun playing together like a lad and a lass. The sweet air, how tempting ! How exciting ! It melts on the lips in fond kisses, instilling a delicate gluttony of life. I should like to see girls in these gardens, walking in the shadow and light, hand in hand, catching at the branches, dreaming of lovers. But there are no girls, only some daffodils. But how beautiful the curve of the daffodil when the flower is seen in profile, and how beautiful the starry yellow when the flower is seen full face ! Why do these flowers remind me of the grace of bygone times ? So does this old canal, so pathetic ; a river flows or rushes, even an artificial lake harbours water-fowl ; children sail their boats upon it ; but a canal does nothing.

Here comes a boat ! I had hoped that the last had passed twenty years ago. Here it comes with its lean horse, the rope tightening and stretching, a great black mass with ripples at the prow and a figure bearing against the rudder. A canal reminds me of my childhood ; every child likes a canal. A canal recalls the first wonder. We all remember the wonder with which we watched the first barge, the wonder which the smoke coming out of the funnel excited. When my father asked me why I'd like to go to Dublin better by canal than by railroad, I couldn't tell him. Nor could I tell anyone to-day why I love a canal. One never loses one's fondness for canals. The boats glide like the days, and the toiling horse is a symbol ! how he strains, sticking his toes into the path !

There are visits to pay. Three hours pass. At six I am free, and I resume my meditations in declining light as the cab rolls through the old brick streets that crowd round Golden Square ; streets whose names you meet in old novels ; streets full of studios where Hayden, Fuseli and others of the rank historical tribe talked of art with a big A, drank their despair away, and died wondering why the world did not recognise their genius. Children are scrambling round a neglected archway, striving to reach to a lantern of old time. The smell of these dry faded streets is peculiar to London ; there is something of the odour of the original marsh in the smell of these streets ; it rises through the pavement and mingles with the smoke. Fancy follows fancy, image succeeds image, and I look into the face of London. I would read her secret now while she wraps herself in draperies, the

mist falling like a scarf from a pensive arm; and to attempt a reading of London I send away the cab. Oh, the whiteness of the Arch, and the Bayswater Road, fading like an apparition amid the romance of great trees.

The wind thrills in the cheek and a dusky sunset hides behind Kensington. The Park is full of mist and people, it flows away dim and mournful to the pallid lights of Kensington; and its crowds are like strips of black tape scattered here and there. By the railings the tape has been wound into a black ball, and, no doubt, the peg on which it is wound is some preacher promising human nature deliverance from evil if it will forego the spring time. But the spring time continues, despite the preacher, over there, under branches swelling with leaf and noisy with sparrows, the spring is there amid the boys and girls, boys dressed in ill-fitting suits of broadcloth, geraniums in their buttonholes; girls hardly less coarse, creatures made for work, escaped for a while from the thralldom of the kitchen, now doing the business of the world better than the preacher; poor servants of sacred spring. A woman in a close-fitting green cloth dress passes me to meet a young man; a rich fur hangs from her shoulders; and they go towards Park Lane, towards the wilful little houses with low balconies and pendant flower baskets swinging in the areas. Circumspect little gardens! There is one, Greek as an eighteenth century engraving, and the woman in the close-fitting green cloth dress, rich fur hanging from her shoulders, almost hiding the pleasant waist, enters one of these. She is Park Lane. Park Lane supper parties and divorce are written in her eyes and manner. The old beau, walking swiftly lest he should catch cold, his moustache clearly dyed, his waist certainly pinched by a belt, he, too, is Park Lane. And those two young men, talking joyously—admirable specimens of Anglo-Saxons, slender feet, varnished boots, health and abundant youth—they, too, are characteristic of Park Lane.

Park Lane dips in a narrow and old-fashioned way as it enters Piccadilly. Piccadilly has not yet grown vulgar, only a little modern, a little out of keeping with the beauty of the Green Park, of that beautiful dell, about whose mounds I should like to see a comedy of the Restoration acted.

I used to stand here, at this very spot, twenty years ago, to watch the moonlight between the trees, and the shadows of the trees floating over that beautiful dell; I used to think of Wycherly's comedy, "Love in St.

James's Park," and I think of it still. In those days the Argyle Rooms, Kate Hamilton's in Panton Street, the Café de la Régence were the fashion. Paris drew me from these, towards other pleasures, towards the Nouvelle Athènes and the Elysée Montmartre; and when I returned to London after an absence of ten years I found a new London, a less English London. Paris draws me still, and I shall be there in three weeks when the chestnuts are in bloom.

II.

I arrived in Paris this morning, and I remember the sea like a beautiful blue plain without beginning or end, a plain on which the ship threw a little circle of light, moving always like life itself, with darkness before and after. And I remember how we steamed into the long winding harbour in the dusk, half-an-hour before we were due—at day-break. Against the green sky, along the cliff's edge a line of broken paling zig-zagged; one star shone in the dawning sky, one reflection wavered in the tranquil harbour. There was no sound except the splashing of paddle wheels, and not wind enough to take the fishing boats out to sea; the boats rolled in the tide, their sails only half filled. From the deck of the steamer we watched the strange crews, wild looking men and boys, leaning over the bulwarks; and then I sought for the town amid the shadow, but nowhere could I discover trace of it; yet I knew it was there, smothered in the dusk, under the green sky, its streets leading to the cathedral, the end of everyone crossed by flying buttresses, and the round roof disappearing amid the chimney stacks. A curious, pathetic town, full of nuns and pigeons and old gables and strange dormer windows, and courtyards where French nobles once assembled—fish will be sold there in a few hours. Once I spent a summer in Dieppe. And during the hour we had to wait for the train, during the hour that we watched the green sky widening between masses of shrouding cloud, I thought of ten years ago. The town emerged very slowly, and only a few roofs were visible when the fisher girl clanked down the quays with a clumsy movement of the hips, and we were called upon to take our seats in the train. We moved along the quays, into the suburbs, and then into a quiet garden country of little fields and brooks and hillsides breaking into cliffs. The fields and the hills were still shadowless and grey, and even the orchards in bloom seemed sad. But what

shall I say of their beauty when the first faint lights appeared, when the first rose clouds appeared above the hills? Orchard succeeded orchard, and the farm houses were all asleep. There is no such journey in the world as the journey from Dieppe to Paris on a fine May morning. Never shall I forget the first glimpse of Rouen Cathedral in the diamond air, the branching river and the tall ships anchored in the deep current. I was dreaming of the cathedral when we had left Rouen far behind us, and when I awoke from my dream we were in the midst of a flat green country, the river winding about islands and through fields in which stood solitary poplar-trees, formerly haunts of Corot and Daubigny. I could see the spots where they had set their easels—that slight rise with the solitary poplar for Corot, that rich river-bank and shady backwater for Daubigny. Soon after I saw the first weir, and then the first hay-boat; and at every moment the river grew more serene, more gracious, it passed its arms about a flat green wooded island, on which there was a rockery; and sometimes we saw it ahead of us, looping up the verdant landscape as if it were a gown, and the river a white silk ribbon, and over there the gown disappeared in fine muslin vapours, drawn about the low horizon.

I did not weary of this landscape, and was sorry when the first villa appeared. Another and then another showed between the chestnut trees in bloom; and there were often blue vases on the steps and sometimes lanterns in metalwork hung from wooden balconies. The shutters were not yet open, these heavy French shutters that we all know so well and that give the French houses such a look of comfort, of ease, of long tradition. Suddenly the aspect of a street struck me as a place I had known, and I said, "Is it possible that we are passing through Asnières?" The name flitted past and I was glad I had recognised Asnières, for at the end of that very long road is the restaurant where we used to dine, and between it and the bridge is the *bal* where we used to dance. It was there that I saw the beautiful Blanche D'Antigny surrounded by her admirers. It was there she used to sit by the side of the composer of the musical follies which she sang—in those days I thought she sang enchantingly. Those were the days of L'Œil, Crévé and Chilpéric. She once passed under the chestnut trees of that dusty little *bal de banlieue* with me by her side, proud of being with her.

She has gone and Julia Baron has gone ; Hortense has out-lived them all. She must be very old, 85 at least. I should like to hear her sing "*Mon cher amant, je te jure*" in the quavering voice of eighty-five. It would be wonderful to hear her sing it ; she doesn't know how wonderful she is ; the old light of love requires an interpreter ; many great poets have voiced her woe and decadence.

Not five minutes from that *bal* was the little house in which Hervé lived, and to which he used to invite us to supper ; and where, after supper, he used to play to us the last music he had composed. We listened, but the public would listen to it no longer. Sedan had taken all the tinkle out of it, and the poor *compositeur toqué* never caught the public ear again. We listened to his chirpy scores, believing that they would revive that old nervous fever which was the Empire when Hortense used to dance, when Hortense took the Empire for a spring board, when Paris cried out, "*Cascade ma fille, Hortense, cascade.*" The great Hortense Schneider, the great goddess of folly, used to come down there to sing the songs which were intended to revive her triumphs. She was growing old then, her days were over and Hervé's day was over. Vainly did he pile parody upon parody ; vainly did he seize the conductor's *baton* ; the days of their glory had gone. Now Asnières itself is forgotten ; the modern youth has chosen another suburb to disport himself in ; the ball-room has been pulled down, and never again will an orchestra play a note of these poor scores ; even their names are unknown. A few bars of a chorus of pages came back to me, remembered only by me, all are gone like Hortense and Blanche and Julia.

But after all I am in Paris. Almost the same Paris ; almost the same George Moore, my senses as awake as before to all enjoyment, my soul as enwrapped as ever in the divine sensation of life. Once my youth moved through thy whiteness, oh City, and its dreams lay down to dream in the freedom of thy fields ! Years come and years go, but every year I see city and plain in the happy exaltation of spring, and departing before the cuckoo, while the blossom is still bright on the bough, it has come to me to think that Paris and May are one.

GEORGE MOORE.

(To be continued.)

Bo
by
co
to
a c
yo
the
rup
thr
err
wri
pri
of p
gol
a r
Ire
mic
wri
def
tha
ley
wit
pris
Cat
to a
A.
if n
tion
one
of s
lar
rep
his
volu
lish
dram
New
stitu
whic

THE BREAKING OF THE ICE

BOOKS may fairly be divided into two classes—those written by men of literary genius and those whom the labour of composition has happily prevented from going, as we say, to the devil. In the present age almost all the avenues to a career of heroic action, in the old manner, are closed to youth. Perhaps there is still a little renown to be had at the South Pole, but the realm of action is well-nigh bankrupt in true glory. Anyone, however, may seek to overthrow some philosophical dynasty, to slay some dragon of error, or colonize some untrodden region of research by writing a book; and it is to authorship that youthful enterprise now naturally turns. It is to authorship that a man of parts, hanging despondently over the fire or round the golf-links, is incited by that believing partner to whom as a rule he loyally dedicates his completed work. Now in Ireland, for over a century, there has been present in our midst a body of men, with leisure and no doubt ability for writing, who have yet remained strangely silent: strangely deficient—perhaps owing to the lack of such incitement as that just mentioned—in writers corresponding to the Kingsleys and Stanleys of the Anglican Church. It is only within the last few years that the public was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a popular author among the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and gave a friendly welcome to a novel of Irish life, “My New Curate,” by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. Everyone read “My New Curate,” which, if not a decisive literary masterpiece, was a welcome indication that the ice was breaking: a welcome revelation, may one add, of the inner life of a body of men whose habitude of silence somewhat weighs on the spirits of the people at large in this country. The author scarcely added to his reputation by “Luke Delmege,” a book which marked his limitations, and showed him to be rather fitted for a volume of personal reflections, such as he has lately published, “Under the Cedars and the Stars,” than for dealing dramatically with life in a work of fiction.

Father Sheehan is not one of those men, like Pascal or Newman, who bring a personality to the defence of an institution. A sense of pious restraint pervades the book, which tells as plain as whisper to the ear that the place is

an ecclesiastical precinct, beyond which the writer's thoughts have never strayed. When the Newmans and the Pascals enter a monastery they bring into the place something of the air of a fort or battle-ground—a Littlemore or Port Royal—but Irish Catholicism has not yet produced or attracted its thinker. The highest achievement of Irish Catholicism in literature is probably, in fact, Father Sheehan himself, particularly in this book, where, with the plain-spokenness, at least, of the true literary man, he gives expression to the fear and suspicion of those modern tendencies, the thought of which sadly mars his enjoyment of his garden and his library. For Father Sheehan is by no means always visited by reassuring thoughts "on man, on nature, and on human life." The late F. W. H. Myers said happily of Wordsworth's *Prelude*: "The *Prelude* is a book of good augury for human nature. We feel in reading it as if the stock of mankind were sound. We feel in reading Father Sheehan as if the stock of mankind were rotten. This modern world, which has fallen away from the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas (a philosophy, it must be owned, with which it never very deeply acquainted itself), and laid aside the Index Expurgatorius as a bibliographical curiosity; this profane society, with its uneasy consciousness of intellectual integrity, which has defrauded the gods of so much heavenward-rolling incense and sacrificial smoke, and which experiences a novel sense of shame in going on its knees; this new humanity, at the close of the Christian era, which, with its novels, its newspapers, its science, can see no end to the spectacle, the study, the use of life; and which—worst of all!—has not even the grace to recognise that it is without hope and guidance, but feels free to choose from the gospels and ideals of the past as from its own achievements—on this apostate world Father Sheehan meditates, and as he does so he ceases from time to time to be able to enjoy his garden and his library.

The book of a man who was quite consistent in his detestation of whatever in modern literature conflicts with mediæval tradition would have a more curious interest than can be claimed for this volume of graceful writing; but its author shares in the inconsistency, one might say the ingratitude, of those writers, including even Newman, who profit by most of the privileges and luxuries of modern liberty without accepting their proper share of the risks and burdens at the price of which these things have been won. Strictly speaking, a writer who holds that humanity has

gained nothing through the Renaissance and the Reformation is under some obligation to show how well he can write and think while owing nothing to that enfranchisement of the human intellect which he abhors. But while all the benefits of modern liberty reach and affect Father Sheehan in the bookish retirement congenial to a piously fastidious nature, it is quite unnecessary for him to proclaim that the stone walls of his creed do not a prison make. No doubt, it would be too much to deny his right to read Kant and Shelley; on the contrary, one is glad to see that they are kept in countenance by the favour of their host in the frowning presence of those dignitaries who naturally hold the place of honour on his bookshelves. Kant and Shelley, however, it is to be said, were men who obeyed the imperious call of philosophy and poetry, "Leave all and follow me!" and both of them, we may be sure, looked for their true friends and followers among men who hoped as much from philosophy and poetry as they did. But what, beyond a little amusement and recreation, has a man in Father Sheehan's position to hope from philosophy and poetry? Neither Kant nor Shelley, we may believe, would greatly desire to be retained in such goodly company, partly for the sake of their host's amusement, partly that he might reassure himself from time to time that they had nothing essential to communicate which was not already substantially in Augustine or Aquinas. Neither of them would feel entirely at home under such an understanding, nor yield up what was best in him. It is the paralysing presence of dogma—kept out of view, it is true, with as much tact and urbanity as possible—which infects with a certain unreality, a certain dilletantism and desultoriness, the humane studies of men like Father Sheehan.

His book reveals the limitations of the merely unworldly or pietistic way of regarding life. It is due to a very human instinct of self-protection that whatever part of life we choose to shut out from ourselves rapidly tends to become a bugbear to us. Father Sheehan cannot disabuse his mind of the notion that the distinction between the church and the world is the same thing as that between religion and libertinism. Early Christianity, which was essentially a new morality, was perhaps entitled to do this; but, as Thomas à Kempis exclaims, when contrasting the pious exclusiveness of his own life with that of the Apostles, "What is our life when compared with theirs!" Saintliness is in no special danger from the modern spirit, except, indeed, that it incurs some risk of being overlooked. We

have learned to see a soul of goodness in things evil ; have learned, too, to ask questions to which it is no part of the province of saintliness to reply. Instead of canonizing a man now-a-days because he has eliminated his evil tendencies, we say to him : " Very well, then, what have you to say for yourself ? " Saintliness, no longer the ideal, has become a kind of convention. No doubt we are not all saints, but we all have to behave almost as if we were. How then is the church, as an entity, the antithesis of a world in which blamelessness is the conventional basis of personal intercourse ? The Shelleys and the Heines rebel against this surveillance in modern society of a conventional morality, with its newspaper-scandals and social ostracisms ; but there is no doubt that respectability, as it is vividly termed, came into strength through the operation of a natural social instinct, with the relaxation, especially in Protestant countries, of the ecclesiastical check. Conventional morality is due to the presence in modern society of men and women who in the Middle Ages would have been in convents and monasteries, but now console and fortify themselves in private with the " Imitation," the " Bhagavad-Gita," and other holy scriptures. In this humanitarian epoch it is not possible to hold without affectation that the church and the world are related to one another as in that age of moral extremes in which Nero seems to us now hardly less incredible than Christ. To the men who, in the heroic ages of Christianity and during the infancy of the nationalities of modern Europe, gave humanity a new bent, we will not refuse the title, provided it be unofficial, of saints. Saint Benedict, casting his naked body among the brambles, was engaged in a fierce attempt to achieve for himself and for mankind a new point of departure. In that struggle of the new tradition with the old our sympathies must be with the heroes. But when the modern nationalities came of age, at the period of the Renaissance, men began to regard the old civilizations of Greece and Rome in a new manner. The age of the saints has no doubt more of what we may call a personal interest for us than the ages of the Greek artists and Roman moralists, inasmuch as it is our own tradition which is there in question. But we are men conversing with men when we read Sophocles and Horace, while we have to conjure up our own past selves when we read Augustine and the Angelic Schoolman (or, to keep up the metaphor, schoolboy), Thomas Aquinas. It is the sense of what adult civilizations have in common

which gives that appearance of a reversion to paganism (a vague word, under which we appear to confound the culture of Greece with the anthropology of our primitive ancestors) which so alarms Father Sheehan. But a gulf of difference divides us from Greece and Rome. Benedict and the saints are part of what we are ; and now and then some private meditation, or some peculiar genius like Cardinal Newman, awakens old chords to which the whole of life was once attuned.

How impossible it was for the young nationalities to maintain themselves at the humanist exaltation of the Renaissance, and be as if the thousand years of mediæval Christianity had never been, soon appeared at the time of what Father Sheehan calls the "fatal Reformation," when, amid the love of antiquity and of great deeds, the masses of men were stirred as never before with religious compunction by men like Calvin and Ignatius Loyola. Ignatius, in fact, was a curious reproduction in several respects of the life and character of the Apostle Paul, but only an ignorant and reckless visionary like Ignatius could have supposed that even a new Paul of Tarsus could preach the same gospel to a nascent which he had preached to a moribund world. In this way he was a far greater offender against the modern spirit than the scholarly Calvin, who, in burning Servetus, was only maintaining, after the drastic fashion of those days, his own interpretation of history and theology. But Ignatius, dreadful man, cared so little for this world, once he had had his fling in it, that in extirpating heresy, he would have destroyed that unknown x for which humanity stands. It was nothing to him whether in the *auto da fe's* of his Church, the clues and filaments were shrivelled up which connect the past with those consummations which our poets have saluted from afar. As contrasted with Ignatius, the acrid Calvin represents a notable and structural advance in the growth of the modern mind, by reason of the great part he took in setting up a tendency to regard religion, not as something extraneous to life, or a retreat for a man to retire to after, or in the intervals of his sins, but as an integral part of life, sharing with life in the whole movement of its evolution. And whatever ill-feeling his memory has stirred in the minds of brainy youths in Scotland and New England, detained on fine Sunday afternoons over their catechism, it is quite certain, as an historian of French literature, M. Lanson, has remarked, that this most austere

of the Reformers was directly associated with the bland paternity of the freedom of thought.

What has really weakened the hold of the religions, it is to be hoped for ever, and established the religious sense among the best men as an organic part of their being, independently of all dogma, is that something analogous to the circumnavigation of the globe has taken place in the mind of man in regard to his own nature. We must understand the whole of this life before we are to think of another. Would we think of another world if all went well with us in this? Before we can feel ourselves immortal we must at least have looked down from what is for us the pinnacle of experience, the highest human happiness of which we are capable. We must, so to speak, have circumnavigated experience; and in this respect we have an advantage over the ancients. Plutarch's heroes, great as they are, and much as their example invigorates us amid the superstitions and conventional usages of modern society, are but roughly hewn from the block of humanity. Their ends are insufficiently noble, their ambitions crude and traditional, their affections unopened, their studies trivial and limited, their inner life a dumb and secret process, even to themselves. They have not emerged on the side of the sphere of human life. They have not undergone a religious emancipation. When a new Plutarch has arisen, at the decline it may be of the modern European movement, he will be able in the spirit of Walt Whitman to depict heroes who, with the whole of life under their feet, look forth into the infinite spaces. This at least is our ideal, the realization of which rests with the heroes; and to achieve it the thousand years of Christianity, a religious emancipation, were needful.

Meanwhile, we must declare a holy war against books of this cast of pietism, which, under the guise of amenity and culture, enter the camp of the moderns to "spy out the land:" to find flaws, for example, in the sublime intellectual integrity and spiritual ardour of men like Kant and Shelley. A fig for that belief in God which implies as its obverse a disbelief in man! Pietism of this sort, the pietism which hates the crowd like one of our art critics and stigmatizes modern evangelistic movements as "vulgar," is really the subtlest form of worldliness; and it is a matter of common experience to come upon a core of pietism in the most hardened worldlings. Such pietism is indeed the condition of existence for one whose happiness depends on the sacrosanctity

of the sentimental illusions of society. But to live at all we must begin with the sacrifice of illusions: either we must sacrifice reason to sentiment, like Newman, or we must sacrifice sentiment to reason. Perhaps we may concede to Father Sheehan that those who like himself choose the first alternative form a natural check on the haste and self-gratulation of those who choose the second.

JOHN EGLINTON.

THE OMEN.

From out its chamber, green and high,
A bird leap'd forth at break of day,
And speeding o'er the wood, came nigh
Where two great glittering armies lay.

It swoop'd aside, and clamour stirred
The pale grey region where it flew ;
And wavering down the plain, the bird
Reach'd the calm river-nook it knew.

But either army paused nor spoke,
And one read foul and one read fair ;
And straight the storm of battle broke,
With ruin here and triumph there,

At eve the bird flew back again,
The plain beneath now bare and wide ;
Stars throng'd, the skies were fleec'd, in pain
The stricken warrior turn'd and died.

From cape to mountain beacons gleam'd,
And cities waked with peal and blare.
Head under wing it slept, nor dream'd
Of that wild symbol traced in air.

M.

THE ABBÉ LOISY.

"It avails nothing to make a distinction between truths which it is expedient to utter and those which it is not, for we no longer deceive anybody."—*Renan*.

I.

THE two last volumes by the Abbé Loisy, *L'Évangile et l'Eglise* and *Autour d'un petit livre*, have raised a storm in the Catholic world. The work of the Abbé Loisy must, however, be viewed from the standpoint of pure science as well as from the standpoint of Catholicism. Viewed from either, it is equally deserving of interest.

It is now a little too late for us to analyse the two books, already historical, published by M. Alfred Loisy (for the Abbé Loisy thus signs himself, in order to indicate that his point of view is purely scientific). It is needful, however, to say that, leaving out of view his importance in the Catholic question, M. Loisy is, scientifically, one of the most remarkable critics of the age. We should seek in vain, whether in Germany, the native land of biblical exegesis, or in France, a more discriminating eye, a mind more just and deep. With a grand simplicity of method, in which we discover only a trace of ecclesiastical unction, M. Loisy illuminates the most complicated problems.

It requires no great hardihood nowadays to say that the Pentateuch is not by Moses, that the gospel of Saint John is not by the well-beloved apostle. What is truly remarkable is M. Loisy's analysis of the four gospels, the bringing into view of the "eschatological" side of the preaching attributed to Jesus, or, if you will, of the preaching of Jesus. But what is absolutely new in *L'Évangile et l'Eglise* and in its successor, *Autour d'un petit livre*, is to have shown how the Catholic Church has come logically, and to use M. Loisy's word, "legitimately," out of the evangelical doctrine.

It is known that M. Loisy undertook the former work with the aim, not only of refuting the theories of the well-known Protestant Professor Harnack, but of opposing to them another more historical theory. Harnack had maintained that the essence of the evangelic doctrine is the faith in God the Father, and that the Catholic Church was

something foreign, heterogenous, adventitious to this. M. Loisy has set himself to show, and it appears to many independent minds that he has effectively shown, that the essence of evangelical Christianity was the material fulfilment of the Judaic idea of the Kingdom of God, and that the Catholic Church, the realization of this Kingdom, was a phenomenon involved, homogeneous, intimately associated with the evangelical phenomenon. Accepting then an assertion of Harnack "that the Catholic Church possesses in her organisation a unique faculty for adapting herself to the historic course of things," M. Loisy has shown how the dogmatic symbols were always *en rapport* with their time, how faith approaches the immutable truth only through the medium of a formula necessarily inadequate, susceptible of improvements, and so of changes; how the religious conception of the universe requires to be brought into accord with scientific knowledge; in a word, how dogmas were infinitely perfectible.

One readily understands that the Catholic Church does not recognise the existence of the doctrinal development through which she has passed; the truth is, says M. Loisy, that she has not taken cognizance of it, and that she has no official theory regarding the philosophy of her own history.

II.

IF the impression produced by the theories of M. Loisy has been considerable in the Catholic world, it is in truth because their application is so far-reaching. In *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*, M. Loisy explains how, in the first centuries of Christianity, the union of that purely Judaic thing which Christianity was, with the science of Plato and Aristotle, implied a considerable effort of intelligence and hardihood. To-day the science of Plato and Aristotle has been left behind; a new science has been born, and the question is, whether the Catholic Church will consider herself irremediably bound to the Platonic and Aristotelian formulas which she adopted in the Middle Ages, or, in the twentieth century, will make that effort to adapt herself to her environment which every living being must make in order to continue to live.

On the one hand, there are many people who, though quite independent and quite irreligious, have preserved for Catholicism much admiration and sympathy.

On the other, there are men of enlightened and scientific

intellect in whom the religious sentiment is keen. Among these, while there are a good many who claim for their conscience that individualism which Protestantism allows them, there are others who hold that only an enduring society, a church, can maintain the equilibrium between tradition, which preserves the inheritance of truth achieved, and the unceasing effort of human reason to adapt the old truth to the new conditions of science ; they are of opinion that no single individual can begin on his own account the interrogation of the past and reconstruct religion to suit himself.

Finally, there are politicians who hold that the Catholic Church is the only power capable of *organising* the rising socialism, either by bestowing upon it a hierarchy under some form of Cæsarism, or, introducing certain changes easy to conceive, by transforming it into a grand democratic institution with religion as its basis.

But whatever destiny we may dream of for Catholicism, either as a pure moral religion or as a political organism, Catholicism appears to be doomed if ecclesiastical authority chooses to impose on the mind a conception of the world and of history incongruous with that which is the outcome of the scientific labours of the last centuries. The principle of Catholicism, by reason of its inexhaustible fertility, may, says M. Loisy, adapt itself to every form of human progress ; but adapt itself it must.

The commonplaces of public speakers about " clerical obscurantism " and the " dark ages " become truths if the faithful are bound by the Church to accept as true, things which are historically false.

The traditional exegesis of the Church extricates itself by methods, from the point of view of science, quite disgraceful—the word is not too emphatic. The exegesis of the seminaries is but a tissue of subterfuge and equivocation ; misconstructions are brought together in order to reconcile what is irreconcilable ; violence is done to texts in order to bring Moses into agreement with modern geology and astronomy. " There are," says M. Loisy, " too many people who are not sufficiently afraid of horrifying the learned."

And the priest in him speaks with sadness of those educated laymen, who, baptised and reared in the Catholic Church, are estranged from it when they come of age, because her teaching appears to them conceived without regard to science and history.

M. Loisy has proposed to the church of which he is a

member, the outline of a theory which makes possible a reconciliation of science and history with their religious interpretation, or dogma. Reminding us of the relativity of every human formula, showing the development of the formulas of dogma, explaining the logical and inevitable evolution of the Church from the evangelic period and amid diverse historic conditions, proclaiming the need in which she now stands of adapting herself to the present state of society, he has accomplished a considerable work for which his high intellect and bold integrity were needful.

A scholar, known as the author, amongst other works, of a little book in which the story of Jesus of Nazareth was studied as a case of cerebral meningitis, and who later became a convert to the "utility" of Christianity, recanted in 1898 most of his conclusions of 1878. The Abbé Loisy, a Catholic priest, is, on the contrary, one of those who think that it avails nothing to distinguish between truths which it is expedient to utter and those which it is not, for we no longer deceive anybody.

For this, the Catholic Church has now solemnly condemned him. It is, probably, the beginning of a great misfortune for the Catholic Church.

ED. DUJARDIN.

IMPERIALISM.

I.

AMONG the arguments by which it has been sought to make Ireland acquiesce in her position within the British Empire there are two that stand out prominently and that practically form the sum and substance of loyalist propaganda in Ireland. One class of political thinkers say, "Show Ireland that it is her interest to be connected with Great Britain—show the expenditure which that connection saves her, the careers it opens up, the immense resources which it makes applicable to the development of Irish prosperity, and Ireland must some day fall into line with the rest of the United Kingdom in cordial acceptance of a position so fraught with material advantages." Another class of thinkers, or, as it often happens, the same class in a different mood, dwell upon the irrevocability of the laws that bind the two countries together. While England has power to prevent it, she will never, it is said, tolerate the existence of an independent and possibly hostile Ireland upon her flank. The connection is a stern necessity, based upon unalterable facts, and Ireland, it is urged, will do better for herself by yielding a graceful than a grudging consent to a situation which she can no more change than she can tow the island into the middle of the Atlantic.

The argument drawn from the material advantages of the British connection is based on very doubtful premises. I know that many persons in Ireland regard it as the height of absurdity that Ireland benefits at all by the Empire. Others hold the opposite view with equal conviction. The question, in point of fact, really is a very doubtful one, and possibly incapable of demonstration either way. What is quite certain is that the argument drawn from the material interest of the country awakens no response. It is addressed to a people in whom the attitude of renunciation has been for centuries a second nature. No portrayal of the wealth and pride of the Empire will have any temptation for Ireland.

It can, indeed, and ought to be shown, as Belfast, Londonderry and Wexford have proved, that the British connection is no hindrance to industrial progress. But it is

hard to go further. Nor do matters stand much better as regards the argument from necessity, though here, at any rate, the premises cannot be challenged by any serious thinker. Matthew Arnold has noted the tendency of the Celt to revolt from the "despotism of fact." I think it would be an equally true way of putting it to say that the Celt regards the facts of his own mind and will as being a great deal more important to him than the facts of the outside world. If he decides to believe in an independent Irish Republic—of course he never has really decided anything of the kind—he will go on believing in it for centuries. He may see that it cannot possibly be brought about; he may never think of lifting a finger to bring it about; but that alone will not bring him a step nearer to giving his inward allegiance to any other system.

To win him for any other system it must be shown him that there is a place for Ireland in it, for he believes in Ireland. Englishmen ought, for one thing, to give up their unmeaning habit of using the word "Anglo-Saxon" to denote the people of the British Islands and North America. The word which corresponds to the real facts, and recognizes the true contributions to the structure of the British people is "Anglo-Celtic." That term exactly gives their racial character and difference; and ought to be installed by popular consent in place of the inadequate and misleading "Anglo-Saxon;"* a term under which the Gaelic and Cymric elements will always have a great objection to enrol themselves.

This may seem a trifling matter, but it really means a great deal. Irishmen are determined to maintain their race individuality. They often take a confused and distorted view as to how this ought to be done, for people are not accustomed to *think* in Ireland—but they never have any doubt as to the object. The whole question of the British connection lies just there. Those who defend it may save their breath in trying to demonstrate its advantage or its necessity—let them show that Ireland can be Ireland all the same, and let them show that Ireland, through the Empire, may render a unique and inestimable service to humanity—such a service as an independent Irish Republic, were such a thing realisable, could never hope to perform. It must be shown, in fact, that in the British connection also there lies a path towards an ideal, and that

* I read in the newspapers lately that the Pope was thinking of making a new Irish Cardinal, so that Cardinal Logue and the American and Australian Cardinals might have yet another Anglo-Saxon colleague!

ideal one which is thoroughly consonant with every national and traditional characteristic of the Irish people.

You cannot drive out an idea in Ireland by any description of material bribe—you can only do so by the force of another idea which the nation may come to recognise as a truer and deeper expression of its aspiration. It was certainly not for any good they did to Ireland that the Stuarts won such devoted loyalty as the Irish people gave to their cause. It was for what they asked from Ireland. It was because they leant on and trusted in Ireland, and asked sacrifices from Ireland, that Ireland clung to them, and cast around the hapless dynasty a halo of imaginative enthusiasm to which the Gaelic poetry of the 17th and 18th centuries bears even more pregnant evidence—because it is evidence of the inner mind—than the records of Limerick and Aughrim. The most Catholic of kings would never have gained from the Irish people what the Stuarts gained, if he had stood apart from them with the self-sufficient aloofness of the typical Englishman.

To apply these ideas to the actual problem in Ireland, it is necessary to make clear to Irishmen—and it is not Irishmen alone who need to have it made clear to them—what is the true character of the Empire with whose destinies those of their country are bound up.

The government of the Empire is in outward form a despotism of the most uncompromising kind. Parliament is the despot. It can lawfully take away one man's property and bestow it on another—it can imprison men without a charge and hold them there indefinitely without a trial—there is no Constitution to appeal to against its decrees, and its decrees are valid in every corner of the Empire, overriding all local legislatures. Such is the aspect of things from one point of observation. Looked at from another side, what an extraordinary difference we perceive between the theory and the practice of the British rule! We find not only an amount of personal liberty in politics, literature, industry and social life, unknown under any other government in the world, but we find what seems still more irreconcilable with the abstract theory of British government—we find it a salient feature in British policy to encourage the growth of local centres of legislation and administration, representing local opinion, wherever a distinct political entity can be formed. Nothing, in theory, could be a graver menace to the supremacy of the central power than the growth and consolidation of these local centres of political authority, yet

the process is always going on with the full knowledge and encouragement of the Imperial government, alike whether this government represents the Conservative or the Liberal section of British opinion. Nor does it apply to communities of white men only. Seventy millions of the people of India are under native rule, and the disposition of the Imperial government towards the Native States was strikingly exemplified in the utterance of the present Viceroy during his tour in Oude and Rajputana before the Durbar, when he declared that the British Government would rather see the Native States governed well according to their own ideas and customs than governed even better in British hands and by British ideas.*

It is curious and significant that almost at the same time that Lord Curzon was thus stating the principles of modern British government in India, another Viceroy was proclaiming in Ireland ideas which, though not relating to outward political forms, are fundamentally the same as Lord Curzon's. I allude to Lord Dudley's famous address to the Incorporated Law Society, when he urged that a reverence for national tradition and character, far from being a weakness in an imperial system like that of Britain, is a strength and enrichment to it.†

Utterances like these are helping to bring the true conception of the Empire into clear consciousness. That conception is not to be gathered, however, from the utterances of one or two individuals, or even from a study of the whole worldwide system, unless we go back for nearly a hundred years, and trace the course which the political evolution of the Empire has taken. We must recognise that we have to do not with a mere system, but with an immense and more or less unconscious stream of political tendency, one which has by no means reached its goal yet, which exhibits apparent divergences, back-currents and eddies in its mighty motion, and whose real character is only discernible when we use the historical imagination to synthesize the scattered facts of its past history, and to divine from these the future towards which it appears to be making.

What does the British Empire really stand for? It looks like an attempt to solve the great political problem of this day—the problem of the reconciliation of freedom with power. Freedom means individuality, variety, decentralisation, and is the nurse of the rich and vivid human life

* *The Times*, (Leading article February 3, 1903.)

† *Irish Times* November 21, 1902.

which is full of invitation and opportunity for every man who feels the divine impulse to create in the world without some image of the world within. But freedom alone will not suffice. The world, unhappily, has not outgrown the stage in which power to defend our own is necessary, and all the more necessary when we have much to defend. But power is the antithesis to freedom, power means discipline, unquestionable authority, unity, centralisation. It means the opposite of everything that freedom means. And it may be said that the political development of the world has oscillated between these extremes. The small political centres have been fertile in thought, the average of humanity is higher in them, they have produced most of the world's literature and art, they have left us the figures in philosophy, in statemanship, and even in war. But imperious necessity has often forced them to coalesce for self-defence, or has subjected them to the overwhelming strength of some greater organisation, and with the gain in power that has thus accrued to them they have commonly lost much of what was best worth defending. The organisation of a huge centralised Empire necessarily involves the exaggeration of routine, and the consequent stunting of personality. It lays a benumbing hand on the stir of life and thought. It bids every man be *aut Caesar aut nullus*. "The individual withers," if one may slightly adapt Tennyson, "and the State is more and more." But the world exists for the individual, not the individual for the world, and power, gained at the cost of human vitality and freedom, is a loss, and the greatest of losses.

OSSORIAN.

(*To be concluded.*)

POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM

I.

MORE than one recent incident has set up the fear in many minds that Ireland is about to experience another attack of that religious fever which has so often afflicted her in the past, at a time when other indications went to show that saner and more pacific ideals were gaining in strength. We continually suffer in Ireland from rival bigotries which, so far from injuring, positively help one another and stimulate each other. There is, firstly, the Orange and ascendancy party, continually waging a political war against the people and against the policy of self-government which is the chief cure for Orange and Catholic bigotry alike. That Orange party, with the vices which peculiarly attach to every such faction, maintained by outside political support and kept in countenance by outside authority, actuated by base and bigoted ideas, has the strength which all such minorities possess. It is comparatively compact, unimaginative, self-centred. Its boycott, of course, is chiefly political, but it also serves to set up a counter bigotry on the other side. That is the fate of all countries so situated as Ireland. The vices of the dominant faction, ruling without consent and without sympathy, corrupt the whole body-politic, so that in such a soil, race and religious passion waxes strong, and political science is at a discount.

This seems to me the simple explanation of such incidents as the campaign started a year or so ago by a weekly Dublin journal to accentuate and embitter Catholic feeling, to make Catholics particularly sensitive as to their Catholicism, and to urge them to demand rights, not as citizens, nor in the interests of national well-being, but to demand them as Catholics in the interests of Catholicity. This campaign, it is true, was carried on at a level of vulgarity and with a wealth of epithet that would have excited the envy of Mr. Chamberlain, and was of that "will-you-take-it-lying-down" order which peculiarly appeals to the uneducated and semi-educated mob, since it touches that natural and even healthy egoism which lies so near the surface in any crowd. The formula of that mob-appeal is now fairly familiar to most of us. When England with

a quarter of a million of men set out to conquer two little peasant states in Africa, the English Jingo politicians and journals appealed to the English mob in a fashion that would lead an observer to imagine that they were fighting a desperate battle for their very existence against tremendous odds. The race or religious bigot generally paints the conditions of those whom he is addressing in the worst colours, tells them they are in a very perilous state, and that they are being trampled upon by a wily and treacherous enemy, against whom any and every means of defence is permissible. The "enemy"—or the worst elements on its side—may easily be trusted to better the example, and, if all goes well, the bigot will soon be at the summit of his ambition; rival mobs will glare at each other, mob-newspapers will hurl abuse at one another, and every member of the community will have a keen consciousness of every other member's sins.

A case by which the ethical standard of the leaders of this Catholic campaign might be tested arose in the matter of the anti-Jewish outburst in Limerick. An ignorant priest in Limerick preached a sermon retailing old and exploded libels against Jews in general and urging the people to boycott the Jews in Limerick, a sermon which, by the way, evoked a humane and admirable protest from Mr. Michael Davitt, which justifies the high place he holds in the esteem of Irish democrats. What was the conduct of those who are so loud in their demand for "justice" to Catholics? They supported the priest. When Catholics are boycotted it is an outrageous injustice; when Catholics boycott others it is all right and proper, being merely a process of recovering their own. On many to whom this conduct appears defensible, probably nothing that is here written will have any effect. But to others the question may be put: on what principle is any lawless egoism to be condemned, if this be justified?

II.

Let us, however, seek a clear intellectual outlook. Philosophically, of course, the conduct of the religionists all round is absurd. According to the Christian view, this world is a "vale of tears," a vestibule of eternity, a mere halting place on a road that stretches into the illimitable future. Yet amongst the people who profess this belief, the fight is waged with a bitterness which seems to suggest that the combatants are determined

to stay in the "vestibule" as long as they can, and are determined to make it as comfortable, in the meantime, as possible.

The contrast between Christian precept and practice is certainly amusing. Yet far be it from me to press the precepts mentioned on the various combatants. The only modern Christian to profess the doctrine of non-resistance is Count Tolstoy, and even with him it is only a profession since he maintains a continuous and vigorous propaganda against what he considers the evils of modern society. Indeed his English admirers keep up a supply of books, pamphlets and leaflets from his pen in such bewildering profusion that one never knows exactly whether one is reading a new pronouncement or merely a new edition of an old one.

Yet Tolstoy's example surely sets us on the right path. The method of redressing the sectarian bitterness in Ireland is not by counter bitterness. We shall never cure matters by boycotting, or intimidation, or abuse. It is by science and by moral appeal that progress is always to be permanently won. The first and absolutely necessary step is the winning of self-government. And it is the failure to recognise this that vitiates otherwise capable surveys like Mr. Filson Young's and Sir Horace Plunkett's. Indeed the latter book, in this respect, considering its title and pretensions, is almost rendered worthless. A man sets out to describe the condition of a patient suffering from cancer, and the one thing he will not discuss is—cancer. He will dispassionately and even illuminatingly discuss every by-effect of the malady, but he is ignorant of the fact of the malady itself, or else is professionally precluded from dealing with it. For many of the evils that many recent writers discuss have their proximate cause in the lack of political wisdom. And the only road to political wisdom is by way of political responsibility. A people long suffering from political servitude have the vices of slavery, lack of constructive political faculty, lack of initiative, lack of the wise compromise that comes of action; though notwithstanding these defects the Irish people, on the whole, have shown at the least as much political sagacity as the English.

But to recognise and proclaim these things does not by any means preclude the right or the propriety of internal criticism. Rather does that criticism come the more appropriately from those who are alive to the main political evil. And whilst demanding the redress of that

evil, it becomes necessary, concurrently, to raise our own canons of conduct and scrutinise our own standards of thinking. Sir Horace Plunkett in one passage in his book observes :—

"The revolution in the industrial order, and its consequences, such as the concentration of immense populations within restricted areas, have brought with them social and moral evils that must be met with new weapons. In the interests of religion itself, principles first expounded to a Syrian community with the most elementary physical needs and the simplest of avocations, have to be taught in their application to the conditions of the most complex social organisation and economic life. Taking people as we find them, it may be said with truth that their lives must be wholesome before they can be holy; and while a voluntary asceticism may have its justification, it behoves a Church to see that its members, while fully acknowledging the claims of another life, should develop the qualities which make for well-being in this life."—*Ireland in the New Century*," pp. 103-104.

Some of us, of course might cavil at Sir Horace's implication that it is possible to really combine concern for "another life" with effective regard for the well-being of this. The essential business of the Churches all round and the essence of the Church ideal is to prepare men for the "hereafter"; and the affairs of this world are only treated as incidental to such preparation. The true logical antithesis of this view is the positivist and scientific ideal which, taking humanity as the highest we know, regards the well-being of humanity here as the greatest end for which we can work, and frankly accepting the fact that this life is the only one of which we have real knowledge, ignores all distracting hypothesis.

None the less, however, is it well and courageous for Sir Horace Plunkett to put the secular ideal in his own words and fashion. It is easy for the popular press to sneer at him on this score, for it is sure of a response from the religious multitude. But it is precisely in a country where the "principles" of "Syria," to use Sir Horace Plunkett's euphemism, are professed on all sides with a heartiness almost unknown elsewhere, that we have the eternal sectarian wrangles, here over the creed of a dispensary doctor or an inspector of schools, there over the religion of an unfortunate foundling who may be "damned" without its knowledge by the votes of a Board of Guardians consisting for the most part of publicans and slum-owners.

One would on first thoughts conclude that the spectacle of such sectarian squabbling would perforce raise in an

ordinarily intelligent people doubts of the genuineness of the creeds that could stimulate it. But such is not the case ; it seems to require a definitely humanist philosophy and a humanitarian enthusiasm to realise that the welfare of humanity as such is the greatest and noblest end for which humanity can work. But humanity in Ireland has not yet come into its inheritance. In a recent review of Mr. Filson Young's book *Ireland at the Cross Roads* the Rev. Dr. McDonald in an article in the *Freemans Journal* wrote : "Consider the real Ireland too. In that sad country one thing only has prospered, as Mr. Young admits, the Church ; and she is based on a system of almost absolute self-government." So far as Dr. McDonald intended this as an argument for self-government, as against Mr. Young, I am with him. But he does not seem to have realised the ominous significance of his analogy. The Church has flourished amidst universal decay. Precisely. In a country warped and injured by lack of political freedom, it would be curious if intellectual freedom prospered. The Irish people, trampled by alien and unsympathetic rule, have looked with aching eyes to a heaven of bliss, and they have, more or less contentedly, lain down in their chains soothed by the hope of after-reward. If Ireland is to be saved we must surely change all that ; the people must turn their energies from dreaming of another world to the task of bettering and beautifying the things of this. It is nobler to make a happy human home than to raise a dozen granite temples for a worship which does not need them ; it is a greater thing to rescue one human heart from despair than to have kept every letter of the religious law. We need in Ireland a spirit of intellectual freedom, and a recognition of the supremacy of humanity. And so far from this prescription being offered as a substitute for national freedom it is urged as a necessity of a true national ideal. For the synthesis of much recent criticism is this : intellectual freedom and political freedom are not opposites. Rightly understood, intellectual freedom and political freedom are one.

FREDERICK RYAN.

LITERARY NOTICE.

NEW SONGS. A lyric collection made by Æ from poems by Padraic Colum, Eva Gore-Booth, Thomas Keohler, Alice Milligan, Susan Mitchell, Seumas O'Sullivan, George Roberts, and Ella Young. Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co.; London: A. H. Bullen.

The impressions derived from a reading of "New Songs" are indefinite, variegated, confused and beautiful, as if one gazed at a great figured window in an unknown cathedral. Perhaps a sense of the skill and faultlessness of the verse is most present, and from this I argue that there is a want of fulness of matter, of inspiration. A reader's attention otherwise would not be left stranded on mere metrical technique.

If I am accused of lacking that spirit of discernment which re-creates from suggestion, like the echoing wall in Webster's play, let me not be accused, at all events, of obscuring the original voice. I shall give an example from the best of this poetry, an example at once and a definition:

"It is a whisper among the twilight bushes,
It is a long low whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes,
It is a heartbeat deep in the quiet hills."

This is beautiful and rare music; a music of "undescribed sounds that come a-swooning over hollow grounds."

"Under the quiet grass the wise are lying,
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas."

I do not call such poetry weak. Evasive and retreating as its music is, it inspires one with strength as a silent vale amid mountains. Indeed, I wish the nature of my objections to reveal the high standard of these "New Songs": Mr. Colum's "Drover," in particular—with its great lurching movement—I should like to quote in full:—

"Oh, the smell of the beasts!
The wet wind in the morn!
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn!"

Many of the poems are definitely "symbolist," and abound in graven images alien, as I think, to the worship of the true God of Song. Here is not the "bursting pod" or "forest folding acorn," but a perfection which belongs to the conservatory, an artificial perfection, as I have already indicated in my praise of the metrical technique of the poems.

O. GOGARTY.

Contributions to be addressed to The Editors, DANA, 26, Dawson Chambers, Dawson St., Dublin.

